

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London  
March 31, 1943



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### "Full Well They Laugh'd . . . At All His Jokes"

During his recent four days' visit to the Home Fleet the King was present at an ENSA show, at which Leslie Henson was the star and afterwards a guest at dinner with His Majesty. Sitting beside the King at the performance were Captain E. D. B. McCarthy and Admiral Sir John Tovey, former C-in-C. Home Fleet, now C-in-C. The Nore. The last Royal visit to the Home Fleet was in June, 1942. This second visit within ten months was made to enable His Majesty to take a personal farewell of Admiral Tovey before he struck his flag as C-in-C. Battleships, aircraft carriers, heavy and light cruisers and destroyers were reviewed, and the King, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, saw some of the Navy's most famous ships, many battle-scarred but all ready for action





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Time

**O**BVIOUSLY General Montgomery is working to a time-table. He has not allowed Rommel a moment's rest, and though the Germans are doing their best to fight a delaying action, the issue can be no longer in doubt. A friend said to me the other day: Montgomery is in a hurry because he has another and bigger job waiting for him. Before he can take on this job, Tunis must be cleared. Be that as it may, there is always work for a successful man. General Montgomery's success with the Eighth Army will be part of history. In Whitehall and Westminster men and Ministers speak proudly of the Eighth Army. So do ordinary people. A taxi man said to me only the other day with great pride: "My boy's in the Eighth Army. I've just had a letter from him and he's full of beans." The spirit which runs through the Eighth Army is the spirit of General Montgomery which those who have seen him in the desert say is something like an electric current. He conducts his battles coldly and calmly and with a sureness of instinct which I am told is often uncanny. Messages come to him one after the other. He reads them quickly and then puts them on one side. He never makes any notes, but suddenly he will recall to his staff officers a message received probably an hour before and give orders. When other people anticipate action in a certain part of the line they have been amazed to hear General Montgomery order precautions to be taken elsewhere. Mostly the General has

been right. Rommel has certainly met his match in Montgomery, the man from Northern Ireland.

## Tactics

**T**HE Germans announce with relief the end of winter in Russia, the end of a crisis for them. Hitler re-appears to mourn the German dead. There are indications that before very long Hitler will mount a new spring offensive on the eastern front. Signs are not wanting that this will be his greatest effort to smash the Russian armies. Obviously it is not as easy for him to organise his offensive as it was last year. Reserves in men and material are less. In this connection it is worth pointing out that our heavy raids on Germany, Essen in particular, have delayed action. The full effect will not be felt in many instances for several months when the supplies from these factories would normally have come into use. When Hitler dips in the pool for his spring offensive he will know that the chances of replenishing the pool later are practically nil. Therefore we can anticipate an intensive offensive which the Germans will fight with devilish determination. Devilish may be the operative feature. Thus the clearing of Tunisia is of supreme importance. Once this is done Hitler can be trapped. But where we shall spring the trap nobody can tell, for that must be secret. I have no doubt, however, that the plans are laid and, what is more important, the soldiers are itching to fight. The latest manoeuvres in the South of England show this.



## An Honour for the W.A.A.F.

Flight Officer Pearl Hollick, W.A.A.F., was one of those who went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. She was awarded the M.B.E., which she received from the King. Here she is seen leaving the Palace

## Disraelian

**A**s an effort of oratory Mr. Churchill's latest broadcast was the greatest of all time. It was the finest radio address he has ever made. As a political conception it will take its place in history. Not only Britons were proud of the speech, and inspired by it, but what is more remarkable so were Americans, Canadians, Australians. Here was a man's mind projecting the aspirations of men all over the world, and doing it in majestic language. There was something of Disraeli in the speech with the vision of a new England, reformed and freed of drones and snobbery. There was a grasp of the problems of Europe and of Asia packed into a few sentences which showed the statesmanship of this descendant of Marlborough. Wherever I went, friend and foe asserted that this was the greatest speech they had ever heard, and this will be the verdict of history.

## Recovery

**T**HE speech of the Prime Minister proclaimed his complete recovery from his recent illness. His tones appeared to be effortless and, where necessary, he was able to command his characteristic emphasis. —The production of a speech of this kind for delivery in the space of forty-eight minutes is no mean feat. It requires great concentration of thought. Mr. Churchill began working on it while he lay in bed. Several times the speech was remodelled, and finally it was read by every member of the War Cabinet. They heartily approved the sentiments expressed and the vista of the new England. From a political point of view the speech, in which the Prime Minister peered into the future, ended the Beveridge nonsense. The message Mr. Churchill gave was that there can be prosperity only by endeavour. All must work and strive, and by the same token the interests of all should be protected. The Beveridge Report has generated a lot of emotion and many false hopes. It was becoming a touchstone of political thought. Anybody who attempted to speak against the Beveridge plan was reactionary. This is a terrible state of affairs for a country to reach. I blame the politicians for fanning this emotion and the publicists as well. They were all in it until the vicious circle was complete. Mr. Churchill has smashed the ring. He has put the Beveridge plan in its proper perspective. What Sir William



## General Alexander Tells the World

At an open-air conference at his headquarters in North Africa, General Sir Harold Alexander addressed British and American war correspondents. General Alexander became Deputy C.-in-C. under General Eisenhower last February. Previously C.-in-C. Middle East, in co-operation with General Sir Bernard Montgomery he was responsible for the Eighth Army's victorious campaign in Egypt





Decorated at Buckingham Palace

Squadron-Leader J. A. Pring, R.A.F.V.R., was awarded the O.B.E. for meritorious service. He comes from Rochester, Kent, and his daughter, Mrs. Pollock, went with him to see him receive his decoration



Lieut. Graeme Ogden, R.N.V.R., of Effingham, Surrey, had his wife, and daughter Julia, with him at the investiture, when he received the D.S.C. for bravery during an attack on a convoy to Russia

Beveridge was asked to report on was a very small part of the great national blue-print of the future. The same politicians who sobbed over Beveridge cry continually for a second front. In the one case they are not affected and in the second they will not have to fight. So Mr. Churchill did the people of Britain, and the world at large, great service. He gave them a friendly douche of sanity.

#### Politics

THE Labour Party are becoming restive once more. Their extremists want the political truce to be ended, and they want Beveridge reforms before the war is won. The Whitsuntide Conference of the Party promises to be of vital importance. But as is usual in politics the preliminaries are more critical than the climax. Mr. Churchill's speech was one of the

preliminaries. He warned the Labour Party by inference that if they tried to end the truce and break up the National Government, there are solid men in all parties who will form a National Government regardless of their past affiliations. Mr. Churchill made quite clear that he believes this country's future can best be directed by a National Government. The Labour Party politicians cannot make up their minds, but there is no doubt that if it were not for Mr. Churchill, the National Government as it is at present constituted would be in difficulties. It is Mr. Churchill who commands the confidence of the rank and file of the Labour Party. Only a few people, like Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell and Mr. Aneurin Bevan dare defy Mr. Churchill's influence. In these circumstances, and particularly after Mr. Churchill's speech, the truce-enders are not

going to have things all their own way.

#### Diplomacy

MR. ANTHONY EDEN's visit to the United States appears to have achieved the purpose he set himself. So far there has been a lot of discussion in conference but no hard and fast decisions. Mr. Eden and Mr. Cordell Hull are peering into each other's minds. Strangely enough there has been a remarkable lack of newspaper speculation about the talks. It seems certain, however, that Mr. Eden has satisfied Mr. Hull about our attitude to North Africa and to General de Gaulle. I have heard some remarkable stories about the length to which the Americans have gone to blanket General de Gaulle. Some Americans apparently have a fear that if they now recognise General de Gaulle they will lose face. This is not a happy augury for the future, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Eden will be able to lay surer foundations for Anglo-American co-operation.

#### Prelate

THE appearance of Monsignor Spellman in Europe has naturally caused a lot of speculation, particularly his visit to the Vatican. I believe, and I certainly hope, that a lot of the wild talk which has followed this Prelate is untrue. The latest indications are that Monsignor Spellman will return to North Africa and then tour the world on behalf of the Pope. If this is so all the rumours about him being a peace-finder fall to the ground. According to my information there is now no desire at the Vatican for an easy peace. It is recognised there that the martial evils which are rooted in Germany must be uprooted now and for all time. The plight of Italy is, quite naturally, near to the Pope's heart and I would not be surprised if proposals to get Italy out of the war are not constantly under discussion.

#### Tribute

MONSIGNOR SPELLMAN rushed to London to attend the funeral of Cardinal Hinsley. The death of this humbly born Yorkshireman, who became a Prince of the Catholic Church, is a sad loss. In every respect Cardinal Hinsley was a great man. His broadcasts equalled those of the Prime Minister in delivery and the power of their phrasing.



The "Southland Army" Meets the "Eastland Army" on British Soil

Recently the biggest offensive exercise ever undertaken in Britain was directed by General Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C. Home Forces. He visited units on both sides, and viewed the exercise from the air. This picture shows him (centre) during operations, and with him (second from left) is Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War



King George of Greece (right) accompanied General Paget, and saw British and Canadian troops operate against the "Eastland Army," representing the Germans, and enjoyed an open-air picnic. Lieut.-General Andrews, Commanding General U.S. Troops European Theatre, and the Duke of Gloucester, also visited the battlefield



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Cargo of Bosh

By James Agate

**F**RANKLY I went to see *Cargo of Innocents* (Empire) because of Charles Laughton. Just as Mr. Shaw can never produce a play without one magnificent and ennobling passage, so even in his worst films Charles can always be relied on to throw up something stirring if not necessarily relevant. He may read you the American Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg or even a couple of pages from Doomsday Book. But there will always be something to listen to, spoken in reasonable English. This time it turned out to be the Admiral's speech on re-commissioning a destroyer with a fine record in the last war and afterwards laid up. The parts of the Captain and Chief Navigating Officer are played by Brian Donlevy and Robert Taylor, who indulge for the most part in a genteel variation of the old Flagg and Quirt business.

**T**HIS continues for a time, and then the picture undergoes an astonishing, ludicrous and unbelievable transformation. The destroyer is going at full speed to join a convoy, the quarrel between Captain Flagg and Lieutenant Quirt centring in duty and sentiment. The Chief Petty Officer, magnificently played by Walter Brennan, is lying with a semi-fractured skull, and the destroyer is ploughing through heavy seas. Should speed be reduced to help the sick man? Captain Flagg says No, full speed must be kept up. And then turns in. Whereupon Lieutenant Quirt immediately reduces the ship's speed by two-thirds, at which I imagine British sailors will rub their eyes. But then this fellow Quirt is the usual bouncing braggart which Hollywood delights to present as the typical American hero. (Personally I venture to think that Hollywood is making a shocking mistake in doing this.) Now the Lieutenant is the very

devil of a marksman in manoeuvres, but he loses his nerve when it comes to action. He has his views on running a ship, but cannot walk the deck without very nearly going overboard. Since it is a law of the cinema that this kind of hero shall make good at the end of the film, we are left wondering what form of regeneration Robert Taylor will go in for this time.

**A**ND then the destroyer runs into a derelict lifeboat containing, if you please, two sailors, twenty infants and two women obviously with power to add to their, the innocents', number. Whereupon Quirt turns out to be a miracle of diplomatic and obstetrical genius. The destroyer then sights a Japanese battleship, the Captain is wounded and the Lieutenant, believe it or not, puts half a dozen torpedoes into the battleship and sinks her!!!! The babies resume their crowing, everybody gets a medal presented by Charles Laughton, and I hereby solemnly give it as my view that this preposterous nonsense is the job the cinema is best fitted for.

**W**HEN one sees as many films as I do one takes to playing games. One is to guess the producer. Sitting in the London Pavilion the other night at *I Married a Witch*, I found myself growing enthusiastic at a hundred small touches and details. All rather old tricks, but how well done! That twice, or is it thrice, repeated absurd wedding which the witch spoils by necromantic tempests blowing through doors automatically opening and throwing all the guests on to the floor in a confused panorama of dishevelled lingerie. The buxom lady hired to sing a sentimental ballad—this seems to be a feature at smart American weddings held in the bride's father's house—

who starts the first three bars about six times and each time is mercifully prevented from proceeding by one or other of the witch's machinations. The Disney-ish bottles, broomsticks, even the automobiles, which fly, knock at doors, career through the air at a hundred miles an hour, all impelled by the same unseen and sinister influence. Whose clever, imaginative directing made these hackneyed devices seem so fresh and so new? I pondered. I compared. And in a flash an inner voice said "René Clair, of course."

**T**HE delicate touches in *Sous les Toits de Paris*, the delicious inventions of *Le Million*—these were all here. And a René Clair directing in Hollywood—though of course he was more at his ease in his native country—is always a hundred times better than any one else. Even if he isn't, people like me to say so, and I don't mind. In this film one is inclined to ignore the story, compounded of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, the weak ending, the complete lack of any kind of characterisation, the absurdities and the improbabilities, for the sake of the perpetual virtuosity of the unexpected, the witty little bits and pieces, the finish and the polish of the whole thing.

**F**OR there is not much else. Fredric March is just Fredric March, and walks through his part trim and spruce as ever. Veronica Lake who plays the witch—one has to be told so, as she looks much more like our old friend, Violetta, in *La Traviata*, absolved from either acting or singing—is just the same Veronica with the same vacant baby stare we all know and some of us love. In the present film she sits or lounges or lies recumbent, soignée and spry, and supremely unlike a witch.

The one good performance is given by Cecil Kellaway as the Witch's bibulous and diabolical father or master-spirit. He has a fine English voice and is a rich fruity comedian of the first order. There is a touch of George Graves about him, a soupçon of Fred Emney the elder, and more than a hint of Seymour Hicks. And what more could the most exigent film-goer desire?



The Navy and the Army in Action as Seen Through the Eyes of Hollywood

"Cargo of Innocents," in which Charles Laughton stars with the support of Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan is reviewed by James Agate above. Based on an original story by Captain Harvey Haislip, of the United States Navy, and R. C. Sherriff, of "Journey's End" fame, it presents a cocktail of convoy duties, of enemy action at sea, of petty jealousies and stupendous courage, a dash of human drama being added by the discovery of a lifeboat at sea which contains two sailors, two women, and, with true Hollywood generosity, no less than twenty babies. Above, Charles Laughton is seen with William Tannen

"The Immortal Sergeant" (Odeon) is based on John Brophy's novel of the same name. A handful of British soldiers in the Libyan desert fight against great odds and incredible hardships. With very little food and water, a faulty compass to guide them, the spirit of a dead sergeant to inspire them and dreams of old romance to give them courage in overwhelming disaster, the patrol fights on. Henry Fonda (above right) is starred as the Corporal, who, though shy and without ambition to be a great soldier, has leadership forced upon him by the death of Sergeant Kelly (Thomas Mitchell)





### *Alpha and Omega: The Beginning and the End of a Tail-Coat*

Regardless of expense, the tail-coat is created to the order of the millionaire matinée idol, Orman (Charles Boyer). Proudly its tailors stand by as the finished article is subjected to the actor's critical gaze. Unknown to Orman, the coat has been accursed in the making by a disgruntled cutter

Token of hope and good fortune or talisman of evil, the coat passes through many vicissitudes before completing its wanderings as a scarecrow. Its final deed is to bring wealth to a poor negro community, who, led by Paul Robeson, sing a beautiful negro spiritual of thanksgiving

## Drama, Comedy, Romance, Pathos

All Pivot Round the Story of a Tail-Coat, in "Tales of Manhattan"



The first adventure of the coat brings tragedy. Seeking to persuade Eitel (Rita Hayworth) to leave her home, Orman is shot by her infuriated husband (Thomas Mitchell)



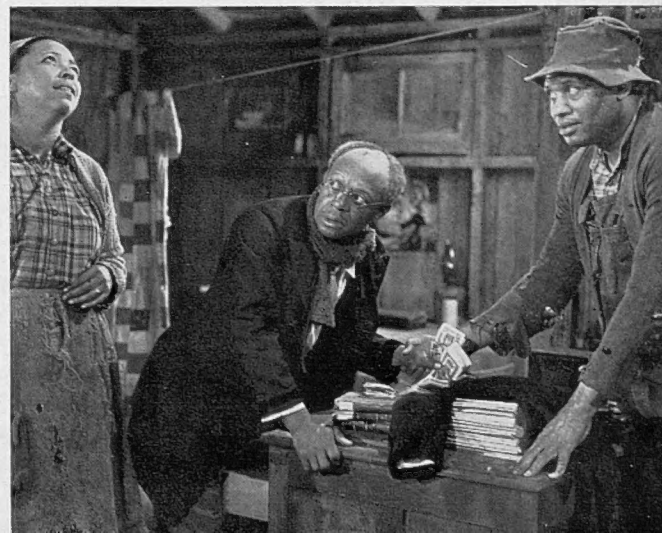
Second adventure brings romance to Diane (Ginger Rogers) and George (Henry Fonda). Through the coat, Diane finds out that Harry (Cesar Romero) her former fiancé, has been philandering

*Tales of Manhattan* is to be shown at Warner's Theatre and, at the Regal on April 2. Directed by Julien Divivier, the film tells of the adventures of a tail-coat, as it passes through different stages from its creation, to flatter the perfect figure of the perfect actor, to its ending, sole adornment of a pathetic scarecrow. The moral is that possessions bring good or bad fortune according to the way they are used. In the cast are such well-known stars as Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, and Rochester

Third adventure brings success to impecunious pianist and composer (Charles Laughton). It is bought in a second-hand shop by composer's wife (Elsa Lanchester)

Fourth adventure is another success story. Wearing it to a college reunion the down-and-outer (Edward G. Robinson) is given a fresh chance

Fifth adventure brings death to a gangster who steals the coat to enable him to enter a luxurious gambling den. Stuffed with stolen money, it is thrown from an aeroplane and finally brings wealth and salvation to a poverty-stricken negro village





# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Brighton Rock (Garrick)

**H**ARDLY for family consumption, I feel, this *Brighton Rock*, which is ruthlessly adapted from what I am assured is quite a good book. Good, that is, in the readable, rather than the ethical sense. A common trouble with plays that are based on novels is that—as with the boarding-house hash of comic fiction—original virtue is apt to escape in the re-cooking. It may be so here. The mechanics of the play have a snapshot slickness, and take us from pillar to post and back again with remarkable celerity. The story they mobilise tells, as you probably know, of race-gang rivalries; of pitiless outlaws and hooligans who impinge on each other's preserves, and wage internecine war to the razor blade as well as to the death. Not nice company in any circumstances. Of the company we meet here, the only tolerable members are two women: a warm-hearted barmaid, who strays inadvertently into the vicious circle and deliberately breaks it up; and a mouse-hearted little teashop waitress, who thinks the world well lost for love of the gang's unspeakable leader.

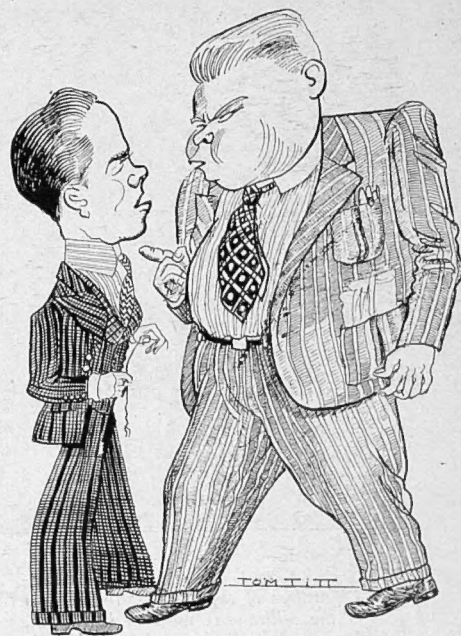
**T**HE scenes alternate with somewhat bewildering zest between a frowsy bedroom in a squalid Brighton house, the Palace Pier, and two local caravanserais. The English spoken by the gangsters is their own, and more likely to fascinate schoolboys or professional etymologists than those who prefer narrative with less cryptic a syntax. We meet "the boys" both on duty and off; squabbling among themselves over personal prestige, strategy, the need for, or redundancy of, mere murder, and the spoils of war; on the prowl, seeking whom they may blackmail or double-cross, or returning by devious ways from the disposal of those whom they have callously obliterated.

Pinkie, their seventeen-year-old leader, is a precocious homicide. He cares for nobody;

no, not he. But the little waitress cares, to death and damnation, for him. Like the mouse with the snake, she is his for the striking; and when it suits him and is professionally expedient, he strikes. The vendetta planned and directed by him is executed largely by his deputies, who go out to kill as calmly as law-abiding Brightonians go out to fish. Such murders as become advisable are all in the day's work, and they are committed with secrecy and dispatch. And but for the shrewd but spontaneous humanity of the barmaid who—inadvertently and from sheer compassion—becomes a prime factor in the extirpation of these pests, Pinkie and the boys might have got away with it. Her name is Ida, and she is substantiated by Miss Hermione Baddeley.

Before diving deeper into the narrative maelstrom, let me pay compliments to Miss Baddeley, not so much on the virtuosity of her acting, as on its occasional and magnificent bravura. The most incalculable of our younger leading ladies is also the most astonishing. Her voice has tones that Marie Lloyd would have echoed. They are perfect expressions of character. She can radiate the full warmth of uninhibited human nature; she can also excruciatingly burlesque the egotism of inordinate dowagers. As a revue artist she can render the right song and the right patter superbly. As a caricaturist she can be uncertain of the contrast between the sublime and the ridiculous; and her presentation of full-length parts is apt to falter at times between the first-rate and the indescribable. But at her sustained best—that is when she is on terms with a congenial and well-drawn character—her mastery is supreme.

Her present part fluctuates, like her performance of it, between the plain and the purl. The plain is admirable; the purl has a tendency towards rhodomontade. But her full-throated laugh, the warmth and verisimilitude of her

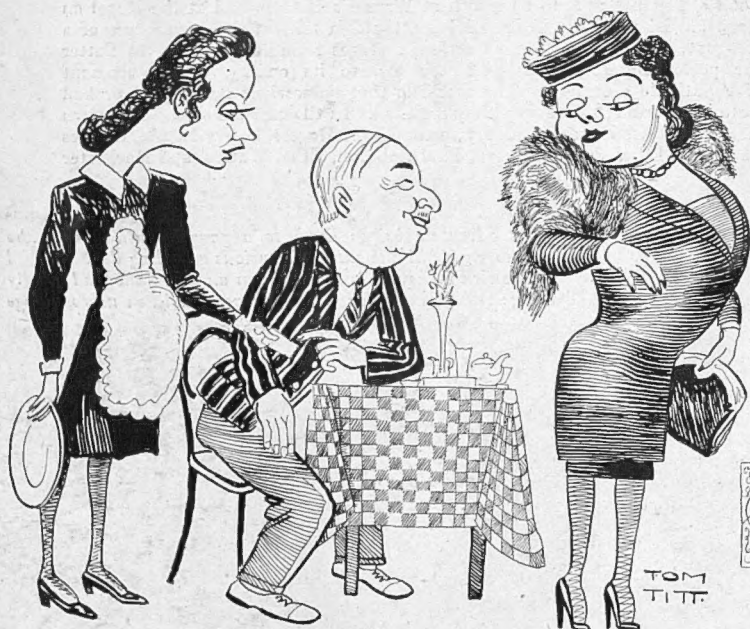


Pinkie (Richard Attenborough) is the seventeen-year-old leader of the race-gang. At times even his own gang are revolted by his methods. Here one of them (Norman Pierce) decides to quit

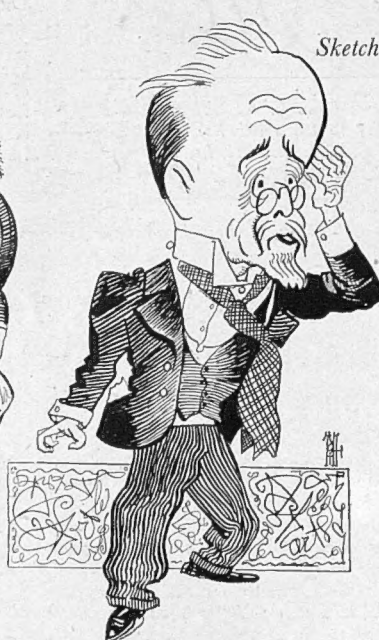
care-free response to life, and her sense of pity and just retribution—these escape the trammels of a so-so part, and give the play a quality that otherwise it hardly deserves.

**T**HE gangsters are well-drawn and impersonated. As Pinkie, Mr. Richard Attenborough presents a loathsome larrikin with horrid exactness. His performance might well appal. That trick with a piece of string has a shuddering significance. As his passive, glaze-eyed prey, the little waitress, Miss Dulcie Gray, plants steady bulls'-eyes on a mawkish target in a performance of unfaltering integrity. And as Everycrook's lawyer, willing (for a fee) to plead Satan from hell, Mr. Harcourt Williams brings the imaginative resources of his experienced art to a florid caricature.

Brighton Rock, as you know, was a pre-war sweetmeat that retained its address to the last. This squalid little drama, to which it has given a local habitation and a name, though no less hard, is by no means as consistently delectable.



Rose Wilson (Dulcie Gray), the young waitress who falls in love with Pinkie, is questioned on the afternoon's events by Fred Hale (Charles Lamb) and his girl friend, the good-hearted Ida Arnold (Hermione Baddeley), who is attempting to solve the disappearance of one of her boy friends



As Prewitt, the unfortunate lawyer chosen by Pinkie to support his gang, Harcourt Williams gives an excellent performance

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



One of Pinkie's men (Bill Hartnell) gets off with the landlord's wife (Virginia Winter). They plan to get away from the gang together and settle down in a pub in the country





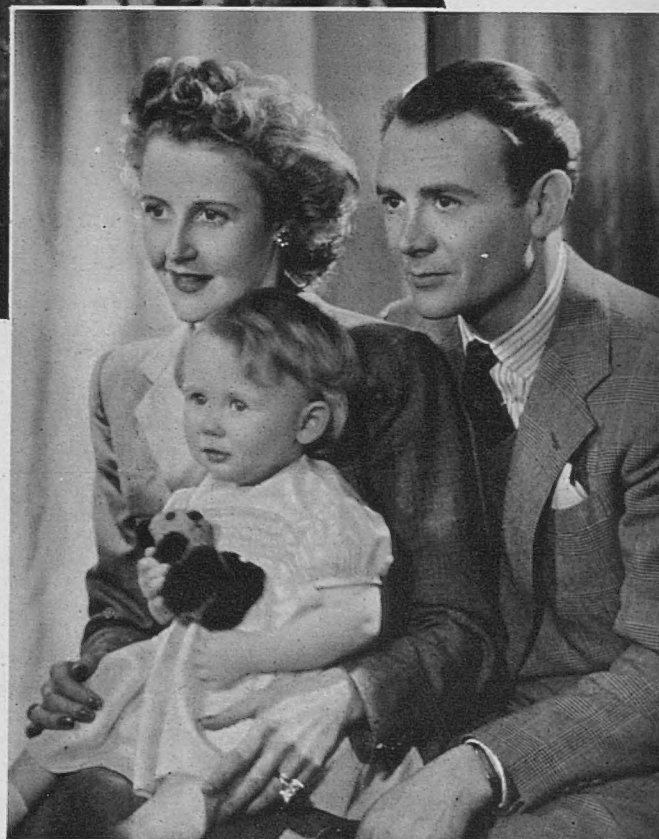
*Mary Hayley Bell, the Wife of John Mills the Actor*

## The Success Story of Mary Hayley Bell

Her First Play, "Men in Shadow," is Presented  
Simultaneously in London, New York and Moscow

Mary Hayley Bell has the proud distinction of being the only playwright in London with her play running simultaneously in London, New York and Moscow. It is the first British play to be performed in Moscow during the war. And it is Mary Hayley Bell's first play. Written specially for her husband, John Mills, who, with Bernard Miles, directs the play, *Men in Shadow* was presented at the Vaudeville Theatre early in September last. It was an immediate success, and is now nearing its 300th performance at that theatre. Mary Hayley Bell is twenty-eight. She was married to John Mills, then a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, in January 1941, and Juliet, their baby daughter, was born a year later. Juliet made her first screen appearance in Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*, though very little of her was seen. She appeared as the baby born to Mrs. "Shorty" Blake during the blitz on Plymouth. As A.B. "Shorty" Blake, her father, John Mills, gave one of the outstanding performances of his career

*Photographs by Vivienne*



*Family Portrait: Mary, John and Juliet Mills*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Queen Mary in the West Country

SURELY there can be no more conscientious and wholehearted war-worker than Queen Mary. Living quietly in the country in the home which she has made her own since the outbreak of hostilities, she continues to set each one of us an inspiring example. Claiming no special privilege, and conforming rigidly to all the restrictions imposed on the people generally, whether they concern food, clothing or travel, she still manages to make useful contribution to the national war effort. Lately, Her Majesty has been spending a great deal of her time supervising the clearing of timber and the replanting of young saplings round her estate. It is soldiers from nearby camps who help her in this work, and every one of them is amazed at the unflagging energy and enthusiasm of their Royal companion, who is as tireless in the woodlands as she always was in happier days walking anxious officials off their feet round the seemingly endless avenues of the British Industries Fair.

Although Queen Mary is able to see her grandchildren only very rarely, she follows the progress of each one of them with the keenest interest. Daily letters pass between Her Majesty and Princess Elizabeth, and she is particularly pleased that Princess Elizabeth has joined the local Women's Institute at Sandringham. Just like every other member, Princess Elizabeth will pay an annual subscription of two shillings to the Institute.

### Visit to the Home Fleet

ONE of the duties most enjoyed by the King is a few days with the Navy, and he has recently returned from his fourth visit to the Home Fleet since the outbreak of war. Once again Admiral Sir John Tovey, who for the last two and a half years has been the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet and who had the unique honour of being knighted by His Majesty aboard his own flagship after successfully chasing and destroying the German battleship Bismarck, was host. He received the King aboard the King George V., one of our latest 35,000-ton battleships, and so fulfilled his last duty as chief of the Home Fleet before relinquishing his command to Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, who now succeeds him. Sir John is taking over the shore command at the Nore

previously held by Admiral Sir George D. D'O. Lyon. The King was accompanied by Captain Harold Campbell, who won the D.S.O. as a young lieutenant in the famous last-war raid on Zeebrugge. The King himself saw service in the Battle of Jutland, and his coolness under fire earned him the praise and special mention of Admiral Jellicoe. It is obvious that he feels quite at home aboard a warship, and the tremendous enthusiasm with which he is greeted by all ranks, from flag officers down to lower-deck ratings, shows that the Navy is proud to count the King as "one of themselves."

### Queen Charlotte's Ball

YET another Queen Charlotte's Ball has given wartime youth an airing, and these occasions, in their isolation, are joyful romps indeed. There was a tremendous crowd in the huge Grosvenor House ballroom, and more

Maids of Honour than ever before to attend the cake-cutting ceremony. This time the cake—which in the end gave out, so that some of the girls were not able to take any to their tables—was cut jointly by Lady Elphinstone, Lady Beaumont and Lady Hamond-Graeme. The cabaret was a great success, with its conjurer and acrobatic dancers, and as nearly everybody brought sandwiches and such like, the lack of a supper was scarcely felt. Distinguishable amongst the crowd were Lady Bedingfield, Lady Dunboyne, with a party that included her three daughters; Princess Danushe Doshishti, a niece of King Zog; Lady Honor Llewellyn, Lady Jean Graeme, the Hon. Synonda, Maureen and Sheila Butler, Mrs. Bertram Currie with Miss Mary Currie, Miss Anne Crustin (among the Maids of Honour), Mrs. Steven Stuart, Miss Mary Hamilton, Captain Mark Baring, Captain Nigel Martin (whose sister was another Maid of Honour), Baron Sadoine, who is a captain in the Irish Guards; Mr. Peter Laing, Prince George Galitzine, Miss Veronica Webster, Miss Pamela Guinness, and a milling rout of the brave and the fair, the former splendid in their smart uniforms.

### Family Parties

LORD and Lady Louis Mountbatten were among the dancing parents; their elder daughter, Patricia, was with them, and later they all joined up with Lady Bailey's party

(Continued on page 394)



Mrs. David Forbes and Lieut. Bartle Bull, M.P. for Enfield, were wedding guests. He is the bridegroom's eldest brother



Sisters-in-law who came together were the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Gathorne-Hardy and the Countess of Cranbrook



The Hon. Mrs. G. A. Murray, second of Lord Cowdray's five sisters, was with her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Acton, who was formerly Joan Pearson



Lady Child (centre), wife of Sir John Child, Coldstream Guards, was talking to Captain William Bull (the bridegroom's brother and best man) and his wife





When the bride and bridegroom left for the honeymoon after the reception, they were seen into the car by the best man. Mrs. Bull wore powder blue, and a spray of orchids



Lord and Lady Cranworth, parents of the bride, were photographed with Captain Bertrand Gurdon. The Cranworths' only son, the Hon. Robert Gurdon, Coldstream Guards, was killed in action in 1942. They have an elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. George Pretzman

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Henry Bull, R.A., and the Hon. Judith Gurdon, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Cranworth, took place on March 20th at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bridegroom, who is the youngest son of Mr. William Perkins Bull, K.C., of Toronto, and of the late Mrs. Bull, had his brother, Captain William Bull, Scots Guards, as his best man, and Lord Cranworth gave his daughter away

Photographs by Swaebe



Enjoying himself after the ceremony was little James Glyn, a page at the wedding

## Married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Mr. Thomas Henry Bull and the Hon. Judith Gurdon,  
With Some of the Guests at Their Wedding



The Earl and Countess of Stradbroke came together. They had a family wedding last June, when their youngest son married Miss Elizabeth Fraser



The bride and bridegroom left 23, Knightsbridge, where the reception was held, to the strains of the hunting-horn, played by one of the guests. There was a crowd at the door to see them go



# On and Off Duty

(Continued)

for her daughter: Lord and Lady Davidson were other dancing parents. Lord and Lady Kenmare had a party, and arrived with champagne to wash down their sandwiches. Their party included Lady Kenmare's daughter, Miss Patricia Cavendish, the newly engaged Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, and Miss Jacqueline Long and her brother, who is in the Guards. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme had a table for sixty which included the Hon. Enid and the Hon. Audrey Paget—feeding on sandwiches and cake from an important-looking dispatch box—Miss Mary Eden, the Hon. Deirdre O'Brien and Miss Lavinia Emmett.

## Recruit for the W.R.N.S.?

THE Hon. Deirdre O'Brien, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, is hoping to go into the Wrens. So is a friend of hers, Miss Ann Eden (Sir Timothy Eden's eldest daughter). Both of them have recently come home from Canada, where they have been spending some of the war years. Recently Sir Timothy Eden gave a small party for his daughter. Miss O'Brien was there with her mother; Lady Annaly was also there—her daughter, the Hon. Patricia White, was unfortunately unable to get away from her work at the Air Ministry—and Mrs. Clive Austin, who is looking forward to the return of her brother, Sir Roger Lumley, now that Sir John Colville has gone out to Bombay to succeed him as Governor. Others there included Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Fairfax, with her second son, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, who is going into the 12th Lancers soon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald—very efficiently helping with the drinks—and Mrs. Anthony Eden, who arrived rather late from another appointment.

## On Leave in London

ON a few days' leave from hospital work in Northampton, I met the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who is a niece of the Queen and the mother of two young children, the younger born since the outbreak of war. Her husband has been on active service since 1939, and Mrs. Wills has been nursing. She really likes



## Two Engagements Recently Announced

Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, only daughter of Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, of Long Island, New York, and Lady Kemsley, is to marry Captain Denis Alexander, Irish Guards, only son of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, D.S.O., of Loughlinston House, Co. Dublin, and Mrs. Guy Buxton

Miss Diana Gibson, elder daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson, of 5, The Gateways, Chelsea, is engaged to Major Anthony Greenly, younger son of Lieut.-Col. Sir John and Lady Greenly, of Calcot Hill, Berkshire

being on duty in the operating theatre, and finds the work most interesting. Another war worker in London was Lady Grenfell, who has been doing full time in a factory. She is now giving up her country home and coming to live with her mother, the Hon. Lady Legh, who, by virtue of the fact that her husband, the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, is Master of the Household, has quarters at Windsor as well as at St. James's Palace. Lady Grenfell (who was Betty Shaughnessey—Lady Legh's elder daughter by her first husband) is also the mother of two children, Caroline, who is ten this year, and Julian, who is eight next month.

## In the Country

SOMERSET needs rain like everywhere else, and the dryness of the soil has prevented things from being as forward as one would expect from the warmth and sun of the past weeks. Home Guarding has replaced hunting for those not soldiering further afield: Major Hodgson, former Master of the Sparkford Vale Harriers, is hard at it, and so is Captain Tim Daniel, former Master of the Bridgewater Harriers. Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby is back in the Regular Army and away from home; so is Captain Ellis Nuttall, of Hazelgrove Park, one-time joint Master of the Blackmore Vale. Sir Alfred Slade is back in the Scots Guards, and R.T.O. officer at Paddington; his brother, Captain Michael Slade, was sent to the East in the beginning. Among the keen hunting girls now in khaki are Miss Bridget Holmes à Court, who was at one time secretary of the Blackmore Vale, Miss Joan Lisley, Miss Diana Bell, famous point-to-point rider and daughter of Mr. "Ikey" Bell, former Master of the South and West Wilts, and Miss Kit Tatham-Warter, another point-to-point rider, who has been driving in the East. Her brother, Major John de Grey Tatham-Warter, was killed a few months ago.

## Wedding

LORD CRANWORTH gave away his younger daughter, the Hon. Judith Gurdon, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when she married Mr. Thomas H. Bull, R.A., who is the youngest son of Mr. W. P. Bull, K.C., of Toronto. Instead of the traditional white satin which has been the choice of most brides of late, Miss Gurdon wore a slate-coloured coat and skirt, with a little round toque of the same hue with veiling to match. She carried no bouquet, but had a long spray of orchids on her shoulder. There were three attendants—two little boys, Master James Glyn (her nephew) and Master Anthony Gilham, and her niece, Miss Gilian Pretzman, who had on a Kate Greenaway frock of white muslin sashed in red, and on her head a bandeau of pearls. There was a large congregation, who arrived to the "Londonderry Air" and "How Beautiful They Are," from the "Immortal Hour." Lady Cranworth was there, and afterwards held a reception at 23, Knightsbridge. The bride's elder sister, the Hon. Mrs. Pretzman, was present, and so were Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Averil Lady Tryon.

(Concluded on page 408)



Miss Pamela Wells

The daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. G. W. Wells, of 31, Moore Street, S.W., was a debutante at this year's Queen Charlotte's Ball on March 19th. She is working for the Red Cross in London as a secretary



The Hon. Mrs. Copland-Griffiths

Brigadier F. A. V. Copland-Griffiths' wife is Lord Hereford's daughter. A Dame of the Order of St. John and a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, she is Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance overseas

Hay Wrightson





## A New Portrait of Vivien Leigh by Serge Rodzianko

In her latest portrait, Vivien Leigh is wearing one of the lovely costumes designed by Sophia Harris of Motley for Mrs. Dubedat in the current presentation of *The Doctor's Dilemma* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The drawing is by Serge Rodzianko and is included in the exhibition of this artist's work which opens at Knoedler's Galleries in Old Bond Street on April 6th in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society, which is under the patronage of H.M. King Peter and H.M. Queen Marie of Yugoslavia.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**D**ISCUSSING the ultimate restoration of those blitzed Halls of the City Companies, an architect chap seemed to assume that in their heyday the Companies were just a loving band of buddies. Tell that to the Grocers or the Merchant Taylors or the Goldsmiths and watch their rich purple pans.

Caste ruled the City for centuries, as you might expect. On the one hand, the arrogant merchant princes of the twelve "Great" Companies, sweeping past in furs and silks and jewels to their princely halls, mixing with (and being cuckolded by) the nobility, lending money to the Crown: on the other hand, the *petit bourgeois* Companies like the Wire drawers, the Loriners, the Horners, and a score more, ordinary tradesmen who kept their place and had little or no say in municipal policy, and sometimes no hall. Certainly democracy existed within this framework as well—for example, a grocer's boy could make his pile, or "plumb," in due course and rise to the purple. But some of the City trades never made enough money for that, so that fairest of their wives and daughters got no more than a liquorish leer from Alderman Gripe outside St. Boanerges-under-the-Wardrobe on a Sunday morning.

Hence the smaller, humbler City companies are the more virtuous, their predecessors' womenfolk never being pinched on the bustle by the quality. City cuckolds in Restoration comedy invariably belong to the Great Companies, we find. You'd think this would temper the pride of the Merchant Taylors, for one. Like hell it does.

## Spark

**E**XCEPT for those mountains, it seemed to us a trifle curious to find the first sizable French revolt happening in Savoy, which was an Italian province not long ago and still preserves many Italian features, the citizenry's oval, olive-skinned pans to begin with.

One would have expected the first outbreak from the Bretons or the Burgundians; especially the Bretons, thousands of whom only needed a blunderbuss, a pitchfork, and a rosary apiece to give the Revolutionary troops considerable trouble. The Burgundians, though they gave up fighting the French at the end of the Middle Ages, are still turbulent, full-blooded boys, bred on the finest wine in the world. The Normans, once the fighting spearhead of Christendom, took to lawsuits instead and have also thinned their blood with cider. The Basques, with the High Pyrenees behind them, may be only biding their time; they are a stout and secret people, ideal guerillas, and their lethal native hardwood stick, the *makila*, can make the bayonet look a fool in an emergency.

Meanwhile a Fleet Street thinker who remarked that if the last of the Savoyard rebels have eventually to retreat into Switzerland they will be "acclaimed as heroes by the whole population of the land of William Tell" forgot as usual to add: "except of course that that national hero never existed."



"Thank you, but I prefer my own uniform"

## Romance

**A** CITIZEN who complained recently to a magistrate that his wife had run off with a gipsy was well in the fragrant old folklore tradition, though he didn't seem to appreciate it. Home girls have been apt to do this at intervals ever since "the Faas, coming down from the gates of Galloway, did so bewitch my Lady Cassilis that she forgot husband and kin, and followed the tinkler's piping."

Running off with a member of I Zingari, we find on inquiry in cricket circles, does not fulfil these decorative conditions, those boys not being true gipsies *de la vieille roche*, despite the fact that at the wicket they wear their little caps  $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch askew to show their careless Romany blood. Hence the old folksong would have to be altered slightly to embrace their particular case, e.g.:

There were three gipsies came to my door,  
Their bats were straight as billy, O,  
And as we had not been previously introduced  
by a third party out of the Red Book they  
couldn't say a single word, of course, neither  
could I,

So we all looked pretty damned silly, O.

Excuse this dollop of pure romance. You thought we hadn't such a thing in us, didn't you? Thought our only rhyme for "moon" was "baboon," huh? You just don't know us, sweethearts.

## Suggestion

**O**NCE again some provincial has been cheeping mously about the necessity for an international language after the war, being unaware there is already a perfectly good international language in constant use everywhere, as it has been for centuries: namely Latin.

A knowledgeable chap at Oxford, a city famous for motor-cars and marmalade, told us recently that if the Public Orator threw his weight about more and got more publicity we wouldn't hear these mewling noises in the Press at intervals in favour of bastard synthetic products like Esperanto and Ido and the Dear knows what. His view was that having looked up a few things about chaps due for honorary LL.D.'s and D.C.L.s, the P.O. should be franker about them in his



"You're asking for trouble going in on top of a heavy meal"

(Concluded on page 398)





Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Harrow's Headmaster

Mr. Ralph Westwood Moore, thirty-six-year-old headmaster of Harrow School, has been a schoolmaster for fifteen years. He came to Harrow in 1942 from Bristol Grammar School, where he was headmaster for two years. Greatly interested in all literary and religious matters, and an ardent supporter of four causes—often regarded as lost—poetry, the classics, the Church of England and Public Schools, his publications include several works on these subjects. He is a contributor to *The Times* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, and was for two years editor of *The Threshold*. Mr. Moore is also a keen sportsman, and plays any school game that is going, including cricket, fives, Rugby and Harrow football. He married in 1931 Miss Elsie Tonks, of Wolverhampton, and they have two sons



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

official Latin oration, and should also break occasionally into satiric verse. He quoted, as an example, a little posy made by one of the more intractable Oxford poets in the 1890's:

A sheepskin for a wolf—and therefore we  
Give C\*c\*I Rh\*d\*s a Civil Law degree;  
But see, from out the Doctor's gown still peer  
The dirk and hanger of the buccaneer.

Having looked up Martial and Juvenal (said this chap) the Public Orator could let himself go very sweetly in this strain when some distinguished politician, moneylender, or scientific charlatan comes up next for academic honours, and the populace would erect its long furry ears and perceive that Latin, so far from being dead, is a modern tongue full of jive, schmaltz, and zing. And if a grave and graceful dance (he added) accompanied these offerings, even the picture-papers would make it front-page news, next to the Palm Beach nudes. And finally (he said) there would undoubtedly be a constant succession of Public Orators—fresh faces, fresh funeral orations, fresh accents, fresh false quantities—and maybe a splendid marble mausoleum for their exclusive use from Lord Nuffield, and what more could anybody want?

## Cuckoo

A TYPICAL Fairchild Family situation has been caused, we notice, by a dear little girl of 13 who beat the *Times's* first-cuckoo announcers to it the other day, causing Auntie's ample bombazine corsage to heave with awful benevolence, like Lady Noble's.

If you don't know and love this Regency nursery classic as we do, we should explain that the sequel is that Auntie's more senile cuckoo-addicts, undoubtedly devoured with rage, envy, and hate of this little golden-haired child who has put a fast one over them, now need a Moral Lesson. Mr. Fairchild's own method in similar circumstances was to take the children one windy evening to see a gibbet on which swung in chains the rotting corpse of a gentleman who had murdered his brother.

"Oh! Let us go, Papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild. "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

It's impossible to-day alas, for Auntie to drag a long stumbling miserable string of retired majors with high bloodpressure and fire-eyed rural clergymen to Hampstead or Bagshot Heath for a similar salutary purpose. Maybe she could line them up in Printing House Square and get the Nature Correspondent to cane them instead? Oh, Auntie, let us go! Not yet, children. We must learn (bend over, Major Harkaway, please) to control (whang!) our cuculate

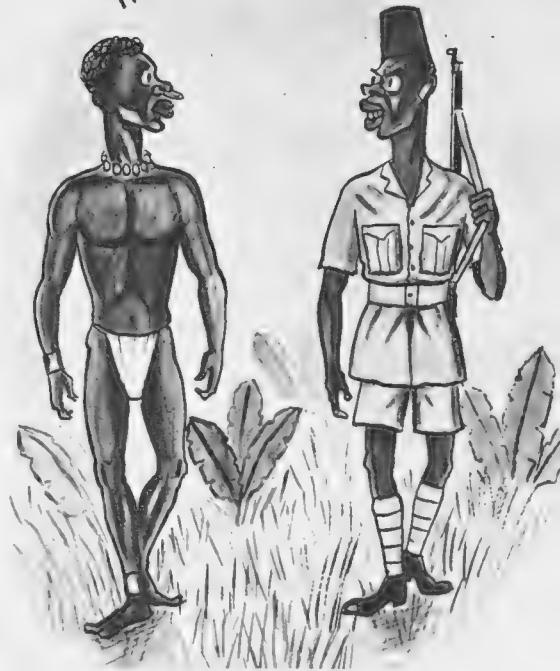
frenzies. Discipline, discipline, that's the need of *Times* readers to-day, or what makes the cuckoo laugh so much?

## Clash

WHETHER the citizens of Bristol lashed themselves into any unwonted emotion during the recent centenary celebrations in their city of the poet Southey, once Laureate, our spies have not reported. Our own esteem for that industrious but unexciting boy is confined to his clash with the Iron Duke.

After the Peninsular War Southey conceived the idea of writing a history of it, and applied to Wellington for the essential military documents. The Duke, blowing his terrific beak, was damned if he'd lend them, Southey was equally damned if he'd let a little thing like that stop him, and his *History of the Peninsular War* duly came out, without the essential military documents. This would have been a more unique exhibition of independence, perhaps, in countries where historians habitually use original documents, but as the Whigs who have cornered English history prefer to use their imagination anyway, it was just a normal happening. And perhaps it was less terrifying to clash with the Iron Duke than to agree with him, for if he liked you he might kiss you, as he kissed several old soldiers after Waterloo, being himself kissed by the Prince Regent. Nothing amuses the Island Race more nowadays than to see two French soldiers of high rank ceremonially kissing each other on the cheek on a newsreel screen. Actually the males of the Race gave up this habit only about a hundred years ago, having been during the 18th century the most indefatigable kissers ("Come to my

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN



"Mind you, I shan't be sorry to get back into civvies again"

arms, Sir George!"—"Buss me, Jack!" in Europe.

## Move

A MUSIC critic discussing the remodelling of orchestras reminded us of Stokowski's famous reforms a little time ago. He moved the strings of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra to the back and the brass and percussion to the front. Few people knew the real lowdown on this. Our information is that Stokowski did it to keep an eye on certain people who often have far too little to do.

During long passages for strings and woodwind alone the percussion boys, as every music-lover knows, often deem themselves safe from observation high up at the back and free to carry on as they please. They have been known to dandle women on their knees and to roll poker-dice on the timpani for drinks. Richter once caught the first bird-call and the cymbals at Queen's Hall erecting a makeshift swing and swinging little giggling actresses to and fro, creating such disorder that half Cocqgrue's Fantasia in Ut Bémol for Strings was quite inaudible and Richter was highly vexed.

There is less of this annoying behaviour nowadays since Trainer Boulton broke the proud turbulent spirit of the B.B.C. symphony boys—not, as is often asserted, by using whips, pistols, and hot irons, but solely by the dominating power of the human eye. They never dare let out a peep now, and even the oboes very rarely make signals to women in the audience.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"How does the rest of this book compare with the ending?"





Yevonde

## Two Flags and Lady Ashley

Six years ago, Lord Ashley, son and heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury, married as his second wife Mlle. Françoise Soulier, daughter of M. George Soulier, of Rouen. Since the war, Lady Ashley has worked hard in the cause of her compatriots in this country. Her home, Mainsail Haul, is in Dorset, and she is the county's representative of the Friends of the French Volunteers, the official organisation for the welfare of the Fighting French. She is also vice-president of the Cadets' Nursing Division (St. John Ambulance) for Dorset, and works in a mobile canteen. Lord Ashley returned to his old regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars, at the outbreak of war, and is a Major. He and his wife have two children, a son and a daughter





1907: Joe Coyne and Lily Elsie

"Miss Lily Elsie's impersonation of 'Sonia, the merry widow, is a delightful thing to see,' runs the caption under this picture first published in 'The Tatler' of July 10th, 1907

## Vive la Veuve!

"The Merry Widow," First Produced in 1907, is Revived for the Fourth Time

● Thirty-six years have passed since Mr. George Edwardes first gave London theatre audiences the opportunity of seeing *The Merry Widow* and hearing the lovely melodies of Franz L  har. It was revived in 1923, and again in 1924 and 1932. Its 1943 presentation by Mr. Jack Hylton has lost none of its old charm. The book has been overhauled and modern quips give a savouring of modern times. Most lavishly produced by William Mollison and Cyril Ritchard—the production is reputed to have cost over £10,000—it brings to His Majesty's all the spectacular glamour of an earlier generation, and many hearts in the auditorium, now middle-aged, will warm with the half-forgotten ecstasies of more than a quarter of a century ago. In the original presentation at Daly's were Lily Elsie as the widow, Joseph Coyne as Danilo, George Graves as Baron Popoff, W. H. Berry as Nisch, Fred Kaye as General Nova Kovich and Daisy Irving as Frou-Frou. The show ran for 778 performances

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



1943: Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott

Practically unchanged, save in costume, the merry widow (now impersonated by Madge Elliott) still captures all hearts and sets the town humming the haunting melodies of L  har



Miss Madge Elliott is the merry widow of 1943. The very beautiful dress in which she arrives at Maxim's to make her final attempt to captivate the wayward heart of Danilo was created by Alec Shanks



Danilo: "Oh, can't you leave me alone!" Prince Danilo, Secretary of the Legation (Cyril Ritchard), commanded by the Baron Popoff to attend the Embassy dance, is bored. Hiding in a quiet corner, he is found by Sonia (Madge Elliott)



Natalie: "I am a dutiful wife wooed by the Vicomte Camille de Baroness Popoff (Nancy Evans) love with the Frenchman who on her advice that Jolidon



Sonia: "Well, gentlemen, what is your will?" Popoff: "Was I blind?" Popoff, peeping through the keyhole of the summer-house, is horrified to see his wife in the arms of Jolidon. The situation is saved by the intervention of Sonia, who hastily takes Natalie's place, to the consternation of Danilo





"Oh, the women! Oh, the women! How to win them? Tell us, pray"  
Originally a septet dance, now a sextet, this is one of the famous old songs of the play, sung by the Marquis de Cascada (Frank Tickle), a member of the Embassy (John Lera), Nisch (Leo Franklyn), M. Khadja (Christopher Hewett), General Nova Kovich (Alexander Field) and M. de St. Brioche (Charles Peters)



Another is lord of my life"  
Jolidon (Charles Dorning), the beautiful  
resists the temptation of falling in  
fervently protests his adoration. It  
joins the ranks of Sonia's suitors



"Vilia, oh Vilia, the Witch of the Wood"  
The Merry Widow waltz, perhaps the best known  
of all L  har's melodies, has lost none of its old  
haunting charm, and the dance is beautifully  
executed by Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard



"I love you," reads Danilo. "I am a dutiful wife"  
Natalie's fan, on which Jolidon has written indiscreetly the words "I love you,"  
to which Natalie has replied, "I am a dutiful wife," is found by the Baron  
Popoff. Fortunately, Popoff is persuaded that the fan belongs to Sonia



Mr. George Graves has already given some thousands  
of performances as the Baron Popoff, Marsovia Ambassador  
in Paris. He was in the original 1907 production and  
has appeared in every London revival since. Time has  
not dimmed nor repetition staled his own inimitable charm



Prince Danilo: "Courting girls, girls, girls"  
Prince Danilo, in his favourite corner at Maxim's, toasts the girls  
of the cabaret. On the table is eighteen-year-old Carol Raye, who  
as Frou-Frou is one of the great successes of the current presentation





Swaebe

## Lady Elizabeth Scott, W.R.N.S.

Lady Elizabeth Scott, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, is twenty-one, and has been serving in the W.R.N.S. for a year as a signaller. The Duke of Buccleuch succeeded his father in 1935 as the eighth Duke, and the Duchess, who was formerly Miss Vreda Lascelles, daughter of the late Major William Frank and Lady Sybil Lascelles, bore the Queen's Canopy at the Coronation of King George VI. Lady Elizabeth has one brother, the Earl of Dalkeith, and a sister, Lady Caroline Scott, five years younger than herself.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Admiral Ahoy!

WHETHER this is the correct way in which to address an Admiral of the Fleet I do not know, but what I do know is why Rudolf Schicklgruber was in such poor form when he made that mumbling speech on German "Heroes' Day." Sir Walter Cowan has got loose again! When we used to meet in that pleasant hunting demesne, Warwickshire, the Admiral used to frighten even Cox, the huntsman, so I can quite believe his having put the shivers into Hitler. If the rules had permitted, I am sure that the Admiral would have been about a mile in front of the fox! Anyway, here's the best of luck upon his deliverance. I do know enough about maritime affairs to make the signal "Splice the mainbrace," and when we meet again—which I hope will be soon—it will not be done in either Chianti or that sugary champagne which the Wops like so much, Asti Spumante, neither of them a fit drink for a man. Some other people I know will be delighted about the Admiral's return—the units of Rupert's Cavalry, who have been bedded down in that covert hard by Edgehill, which is just outside Kington, where the Admiral used to live. I know that he knew a whole lot of these toughs quite intimately, and being as fond of the cavalry as he is, he used to have many a yarn with the sentries of the Stable Guard on non-hunting days after dark!

## An Intriguing Barometer vis-à-vis Hitler

THE following extract from Mr. Howard K. Smith's *Last Train from Berlin* (1942), his most absorbing record of his adventures in that city as a radio correspondent of the American Press, I strongly suggest bears re-reading, both in view of what is now happening and of what is yet to happen:

The graph of German morale is not a graceful snaky thing which slithers upwards in long rises and downward in slow, calm declines like the graph of almost any people living in peace. It is a low, jagged line, which leaps spasmodically upwards in one instance and collapses into sharp depressions in the next. The reason for its abrupt contours is the unmitigated fear of this war, which affects the

German people, and their gullible readiness to believe anything, however fantastic, which indicates an early end to it. To understand just what Dr. Dietrich did to Germany, it is necessary to examine the war graph of German morale as nearly as it can be drawn from impression.

Dr. Otto Dietrich, I will recall, was the Press Chief detailed by Hitler to announce the complete obliteration of Russia as a result of the German 1941 offensive. The funeral oration over Russia's mangled remains was delivered in the Theatre Hall of the Berlin Propaganda Ministry. This gentleman was instructed to tell his audience of foreign Pressmen that "after seven short days the Führer's offensive has smashed the Red Army to splinters," and this insignificant little maggot ended his speech with the squeal: "... and on that, Gentlemen, I stake my whole journalistic reputation!" Since this, the Herr General Dietmar, Hitler's official Military Commentator, does not appear to have had any greater success than the Herr Dr. Dietrich. They are both certain starters for the High Jump.

## Nuts for Mowgli!

BUT it cannot be so for anyone else! The reference is to this jungle war in Arakan, which, so I have always thought, was never intended as an abiding spot for anything excepting the animals of the wild. Desert warfare, with flies and sand and dust-storms, is no picnic, but sometimes the weather does let up: in the Arakan-Burma region it never does; just damp, clammy heat all the time, the only variation being that sometimes it is worse than at others, and I know exactly what it is like at this moment and what our troops, British and Indian, must be suffering. In civilised Calcutta, a bit farther north, with buzz-fans and plenty of ice, it begins to be a bit unbearable by February 9th. I always remember this, because it happens to be my birthday. Travel down that accursed coast any time and you will find out what "Somewheres East of Suez" at its very worst can be, and so spare a thought for these very gallant troops fighting a half-monkey enemy, upon whom these things do not press so sorely. The "Minden Boys" (the Lancashire



Fayer

## Air Vice-Marshal Karel Janousek, K.C.B.

The Inspector-General of the Czech Air Force in Great Britain is forty-eight, and qualified as a pilot in 1924, subsequently commanding a squadron, a wing and a group, becoming an Air Brigadier-General in 1937. Realising the importance of meteorology in flying, he studied at Prague University, and was the first Czech General to obtain a degree of Doctor of Science. He was knighted in the 1941 New Year's Honours List.

Fusiliers, the six-V.C.s-before-breakfast lads in Gallipoli) and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers ("The Lumps," and one of the only two Irish regiments that fought at Waterloo), countrymen of Alexander II. and "Monty," are two of the British units sticking it out. They are old comrades in arms, for they were together in the immortal 29th Division in the last war. The motto of the first is "*Omnia Audax*," and of the Inniskillings "*Nec Aspera Terrent*," and never, I'll wager, were such watchwords more needed than they are at this moment.

(Concluded on page 404)



## A Naval V.C. and His Family

Lt.-Comdr. Richard Been Stannard, V.C., R.N.R., while recently on leave, went with Mrs. Stannard to visit his two small daughters, Jean and Diana, at school. Lt.-Comdr. (then Lieutenant) Stannard won his V.C. while serving in H.M.S. Arab, for outstanding valour and signal devotion to duty at Namsos in 1940, finally bringing his damaged ship safely back to an English port



## A Send-Off for E.N.S.A.

Lieut. C. W. Wynn, R.N.V.R., Lieut. F. W. Gayford, R.N., and Comdr. F. Howe, D.S.O., R.N., waved good-bye to this Ensa party leaving a northern Naval Air Station in the only vehicle available—an aircraft trailer. The party included Leslie Henson (wearing a cap) and Kenway and Young, of broadcasting fame. They were bound for an R.A.F. Station for their next performance



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

## Sea-Serpents and Tigers

To make no mention of the numerous shore-going serpents, and of the things called "muggers" by some and alligators by others, and the mud and the stench of rotting vegetation, now, of course, augmented by that of the deaders whom it has not been possible to extricate. The whole of the Gangetic Delta, which is called the Sunderbans, is very much the same as this Arakan jungle of creeks and swamps, but they may be a bit more crawling with tiger, for it is not all swamp, and there is plenty of good hunting even for any more or less doddering old man-eater, who may have become too slow to catch even a tame cow; and there are snakes and, worse than all, perhaps, the anopheles, by which is meant the malaria mosquito. The observant can always recognise him because he prefers to do his stuff standing on his head, whereas the ordinary nuisance-raider mosquito grazes on his victim horizontally, just



E. E. Swain

## Officers of an Air-Sea Rescue Squadron

Front row: F/Lt. D. C. Horne, F/Lt. W. C. C. Morgan (Adj.), F/Lt. N. C. Greegan, S/Ldr. H. G. Mossford, Wing Cdr. V. H. P. Lynham, D.S.O. (C.O.), S/Ldr. R. W. Pye, F/Lt. J. E. Gibson, F/O. H. Zumar, F/O. R. M. Galvan. Second row: P/O. R. B. Jacobi, P/O. A. Godfrey, F/O. A. O. Whapham, P/O. H. G. M. Peters, P/O. C. G. Crawford, F/O. J. S. Tait, P/O. S. C. Bishop, F/O. V. W. Whitten, F/O. W. C. Case. Back row: F/O. A. A. Henderson, F/O. W. E. Knight, F/O. R. McKimm, F/O. R. D. Cave, F/O. P. G. Jones, P/O. R. Webdell



## A Submarine Commander's Family

Mrs. Pitt, seen here with her daughters, Natasha and Valerie, and her son, David, is the American wife of Lieut. John W. Pitt, R.N., captain of the submarine Taku, who was recently on leave. Mrs. Pitt works for the American Red Cross in London

like a tiger or a hyæna or a jackal. The main difference between being bitten by a cobra and an anopheles is that the latter gives you a bit more time, but he is more deadly because his attack may have passed unnoticed. On the other hand, not even an absent-minded person could fail to notice that he was being bitten by a cobra, who may give you only about an hour before paralysis of a painful nature sets in. I have never personally tried a cobra, but I think I should prefer him to the anopheles, from whom you can only escape if you are within easy range of a doctor who knows all about intra-venous quinine injection. The S.P. of the two things is roughly 2 to 1 on The Cobra, because amputation is about the only remedy, and 2 to 1 against The Anopheles if you get to a doctor soon enough—if not, just even money! About the sea-serpents, there is a sea-going cobra, a black devil, about a six-footer, just as poisonous and just as vicious as his longshore brother, and his habitat is the Gangetic Delta and the Bay of Bengal, for they have reported him a long way off the land. As already remarked, this is a really charming region for battle-fighting, and when the rains come in about 2½ months' time you can add a hundred to all that has been said. Just as we close comes the grand news of Mareth. The Eighth Army Commander never counts his chickens before they are hatched and this is why when he says anything we know that it must be something or else he would have said nothing.

## Tiger! Tiger!

HE had got too slow for buck, he was too lazy for cattle, so he took to man. He had a nice comfortable billet near the seashore, and as up one of the creeks they were doing some reclamation work with a pump and plenty of coolies, plus a fat Baboo overseer or two thrown in for good weight, he had all his shopping quite handy. He did not give a curse for the noisy pump, for he knew that it was harmless, so that whenever he needed fresh meat he just waltzed in bold as brass, picked his man, broke his neck with a clout of his paw and dragged him off to devour at his leisure. It got so bad that at last the District Commissioner, who was no sort of a shot, wired to a pal in Calcutta who was an absolute Wilhelm Tell to come down and attend to things. This, of course, was one right into the hands of the Unerring Marksman, so packing his artillery train and eventually disguising himself as a Bengali Baboo, he took station near the noisy pump. He had not long to wait for his chance, and one day out came Mr. Man-eater, who had no reason to suspect the man taint had in any way altered. It was nice, easy shooting, and just as the wicked old murderer was making ready to charge, the Unerring Marksman broke his neck for him with a well-placed shell just abaft the frill. I reiterate, this Sunderbans-Arakan country is a charming place for soldiering and it is not very likely that it will get any better as the summer advances.



Richardson, Worcester

## The Opening of a Red Cross Sale in Worcestershire

The Countess of Dudley opened the Kidderminster and District Farmers' Sale for the Red Cross. The Earl of Dudley, whom she married in February, is Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence for the Midlands, and Lord High Steward of Kidderminster. With Lady Dudley above is Major W. Harcourt Webb, chairman of the organising committee of the sale

Earl and Countess Baldwin of Bewdley were present at the sale. The former Prime Minister and his wife, who live at Astley Hall, Worcestershire, celebrated their golden wedding last September



## “Nice Day for a Sail, Sir!”

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Sailing Rubber Dinghies have now replaced the ordinary round variety in our large four-engined bombers and flying-boats. They are so rigged that an inexperienced crew may have a reasonable chance of making their passage home if the rescue craft fail to locate them after the aircraft has “ditched.” The correct drill for these dinghies—what to do and what not to do—is guaranteed to make a landsman reel and a seaman smile. The dinghy is contained in a valise and secured in its storage position by quick-release straps. When the aircraft comes to rest (not before!) the valise is placed outside the door and the operating cord is pulled. Sometimes it falls into the drink upside down. The dinghy is then inflated. The picture shows the crew of a ditched Lancaster conducting operations in a manner hardly in accordance with the official procedure



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## The Portuguese in Asia

THE LAND OF THE GREAT IMAGE," by Maurice Collis (Faber and Faber; 16s.), is, I find, doubly fascinating—as a first-rate adventure story, and as a picture of two different civilisations. Those who enjoyed, as I did, *The Great Within*, will not be disappointed by its successor. Here, again, Mr. Collis adds to the fruits of his wide reading a personal knowledge of the countries of which he writes. His descriptive powers make scenes, however far away, however fantastic, spring immediately and vividly to the eye: at the same time, as a narrator he could not be more direct. Here, we have more than the charm of an "escape" story: in the accounts of wishes for domination we find striking analogies to to-day. The events we read of are true; these different characters lived. The Portuguese Augustine friar, the Arakanese king, show themselves as not only men of action, but also as plotters and dreamers, who, whether for selfish or for unselfish ends, aspired to play their parts in other men's destinies.

The Portuguese dominion in Asia, preceding our own, was at its height in the latter half of the sixteenth and the first decades of the seventeenth centuries. The colonists, at first virile and energetic, held a chain of forts around the Indian coast. The capital was Goa, that "golden" city, stronghold not only of political and commercial power, but of the various Catholic orders who aspired to convert the East to Christianity. It is with an absorbing picture of Goa—its vast town-plan, its lay and religious buildings, its colonial aristocrats, its swaggering bravos, its amorous ladies, its slave market, its intrigues, its pageants, its terrible Inquisition—that Mr. Collis opens *The Land of the Great Image*. This Goa of the seventeenth century was already shadowed by decadence: wealth, climate, and too luxuriant living were already leaving their mark on the Portuguese. The Church in vain attempted to stop the rot. Moral lapses on the part of the colonists were denounced from pulpits with a furious sternness, if not always effectively. Heresy was, however, smelled out and punished by the most nightmarish rigours of the Inquisition—to deliver one into the clutches of this religious Gestapo one word from an enemy was enough. Christianity, as a religion of mercy and human kindness, must, when identified with the Inquisition, have looked strange enough to the Indian eyes: in fact, one wonders that any converts were made. The accepted heathen remained outside the range of this dread power. To conversion (however perfunctory) various commercial and social advantages did, however, attach, and the number of native Christians increased accordingly. Of the many terrified prisoners who paraded at a particular auto-da-fé of which we get an account here

(drawn from a Frenchman, the nearly very unfortunate Dr. Dollon), only two Indians, convicted of magic, actually went to the stake.

## Missionary

MR. COLLIS's story, however, soon leaves Goa—a city from which, for all its hair-raising practices, I found myself departing with some regret; so ornate was the scene, so balmy the air. We have been given Goa as the starting-point of the Augustine, Manrique, from whose *Travels* (written in Rome, twenty years later) the main part of *The Land of the Great Image* has been drawn. Manrique's account of his Arakanese adventures was, apparently, detailed, and presumably accurate, but also unimaginative, flat-footed and, on the whole, dry. Mr. Collis's re-telling of the Manrique story, to which he has added from other sources, is, therefore, a boon to the modern reader. Here we have Manrique treated with considerable humour, and, in view of his good qualities, with respect. Mr. Collis's vision supplies the various dramas and ironies to which the friar, as an intensely one-idea-ed, if courageous creature, was blind. In emergencies, Manrique showed himself no mean diplomatist. His main object was, however, to make converts—it was with orders to this effect that he was sent from Goa to Arakan. He was without intellectual curiosity, and unknown civilisations left him cold.

"If the Dominicans can be described as the police of the Church in Portuguese Asia, and the Jesuits as its diplomatists, by the same analogy the Augustines may be spoken of as



Bertram Park

## Mrs. Ruffin de Langley

The wife of Mr. Ruffin de Langley, Coldstream Guards, is well known as a sculptress under her maiden name, Helen Haas. Her bust of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney was shown at the R.A.F. exhibition at Rootes, Piccadilly. Her studio was formerly in Paris, where her bust of the Duke of Windsor was bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum. She escaped to England in 1940, and works in London for prisoners of war

its preachers and missionaries." It was in this rôle that the sturdy friar embarked on his series of perilous journeys. It was in this spirit that he confronted the glittering, cryptic and highly complex kingdom of Thiri-thu-dhamma—that monarch who, to ward off the death that, it had been foretold, would follow his coronation, consented to drink an elixir compounded of six thousand human hearts (to which end were six thousand subjects secretly slain).

The compounding for the king of this dark potion was quite out of accord with the gentle Buddhist culture and polished civilisation of Arakan, "the land of the Great Image," in which, as Manrique first knew it, in 1628, the Portuguese settlers, slave-raiders and pirates, showed themselves the most violent element. Arakan, on the Bay of Bengal, was in time to become part of Burma—it is now in the hands of the Japanese. Not far from the capital, Mrauk-u, with its sacred inner city (not unlike "The Great Within" of Peking), was the temple-mountain of the Mahumuni, one of the five contemporary images of Buddha. (Two others of these, it was said, were in Paradise.) In Manrique's day, the person of the king, Thiri-thu-dhamma, was only second in sacredness to the Image. The Augustine (though he might take little account of a heathen monarch, who turned aside all attempts at conversion with an impassable suavity) was a

(Concluded on page 408)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ONCE knew a man who deliberately set out to make for himself a Design for Living. He was just old enough still to be lovably foolish without being old enough to know better. His idea in the main was so to order his inner life that the daily turmoil was as a noise without and its more outrageous afflictions food for psychological study. He read the ancient philosophers assiduously. He loved to withdraw within himself and become a watcher, rather than a participant in the rowdy-dow of life. He hoped to attain while still young that peace in which past injuries cease from hurting and future bludgeonings will inwardly hurt no more. At one time he thought he had indeed attained his Ivory Tower, but Life, laughing perhaps, sent along a young woman who showed her long slender form with all that artful air of artlessness with which Nature attains her ultimate ends. His aloofness was to her a challenge. She pretended so to understand his philosophy that she wanted to hear more and more about it. Her interest was, of course, more intense on moonlight nights. Briefly, she led him up the garden path.

Thus his philosophy vanished into thin air, his Ivory Tower crumbled into dust, and his Design for Living was, in future, drawn by what often seemed to him to be an entirely alien hand! Which, after all, happens to most of us. In a purely realistic sense, no pre-planned life can survive two world wars, income-tax at 10s. in the pound, and, as is often

the case, the best years of a man's brief day slashed across and cut up by events over which he has no control and which no calm philosophy, less than a septuagenarian's, can encompass without spiritual perspiration. Indeed, he has become like the rest of us, a human being harried from pillar to post and striving to attain a certain purposefulness—like balancing a bucket on one's head—between one post and another.

No wonder then religion has such a firm hold on certain minds. Therein, at any rate, is something which you can mould according to your fancy without disturbing the general design. It is much easier to fashion an after-life than to get to grips successfully with this one. It seems impossible to visualise a Heaven wherein you start out in the Celestial Choir only to discover by a hundred untoward tricks of fate that Time has turned you into a minor plumber; or, seeking a state of complete beatitude and almost attaining it, are suddenly forced to join-up in a Heavenly war to become a bottle-washer in some officers' mess! Yet this is the kind of whirligig which happens in life. You have only to remember what you hoped to find in it and what it has given you to realise this. Thus the only satisfying Design for Living is to accept the fact that you are a character in the queerest kind of story ever written by somebody else and to smile at its ramifications, ruefully or playfully, according to your present mood.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Davies — Trehearne**

Major Anthony Lewis Davies, R.A., son of the late Sir Alfred Davies and Lady Davies, married Margaret Gladys Helen Trehearne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Trehearne, of Old Place, Kenley, Surrey, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



**Bousted — Vyvyan**

Lieut. J. D. A. Bousted, the Royal Ulster Rifles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Bousted, of The Long House, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, married Lalage Nugent Vyvyan, only child of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Nugent Vyvyan, of Denhay Corner, Bridport, Dorset, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Rae Smith — Hippisley-Coxe**

Lieut. Alan Rae Smith, R.N., third son of Sir Alan and Lady Rae Smith, of Furzedown, Limpsfield, Surrey, married Tacina Hippisley-Coxe, only daughter of the late R. Hippisley-Coxe and Mrs. Hippisley-Coxe, of 6, Roland Houses, S.W., at St. Paul's, Covent Garden



**Miss E. J. M. Fowler**

Elizabeth Jane Marian Fowler, daughter of the late G. H. Fowler and Mrs. Fowler, of Tullycarnet Cross, Knock, Belfast, is engaged to Lieut. Michael FitzMaurice Villiers-Stuart, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Villiers-Stuart, of White House, Co. Antrim



**Gabler — Miller Mundy**

Captain Waller S. Gabler, U.S. Army, of Huntly, Virginia, married Maurcen Angela Miller Mundy, daughter of Major G. Miller Mundy, of Red Rice, Andover, and Mrs. Miller Mundy, of 57, Princes Court, S.W., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Miss Selina Gibson**

Selina Gibson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Deramore Park, Belfast, is engaged to Sq./Ldr. Frederick George Charles Calling, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Calling, of West Lodge, Worthing, Sussex



**Fosbery — Dunn Pattison**

Charles Champagné Widenham Fosbery, son of the late A. C. W. Fosbery, and Mrs. Fosbery, of Fleet, and Leila Kathleen Dunn Pattison, daughter of the late F. H. Dunn Pattison, and Mrs. Dunn Pattison, of Bournemouth, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington



**Parker — Allan**

Lieut. M. A. Parker, R.N., and Eileen M. A. Allan, W.R.N.S., were married at St. Ninian's Church, Troon, Ayrshire. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Allan, of Windgates, Troon



**Blatch — Beachcroft**

Capt. John Blatch, Glider Pilot Regiment, eldest son of Sir Bernard and Lady Blatch, of Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, married Pamela Beachcroft, daughter of Major Maurice Beachcroft, of Silver Birches, Chalfont St. Giles, at St. Giles Parish Church, Bucks



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 394)

## Film

ORSON WELLES films, and the nature, object and actual effect of their technique, are splendid topics when more important ones are exhausted. *The Magnificent Ambersons* is obviously a rather obvious and banal story, but the interesting thing about the way it is presented is that it seems to happen to the spectator like personal experience, so that instead of seeing a story, neatly worked out, complete, easy, objective, one is tricked into living it, flickering, piecemeal, dark, bewildering, inconsequent, frustrating, elusive and subjective. The result is, of course, by no means relaxing or entertaining; far from being the synthetic dope the cinema-goer demands, those shadows and distances, those echoing voices, that deliberate muddle from which solely emerges a sense of loss and waste and defeat, are a direct living of unadjusted, unanalysed, purely conscious and instinctive life.

## The Power o' the Pipes

A RARE visitor to London who has been staying at the May Fair for a few days is Mr. Sigurstein Magnusson, Icelandic Consul for Scotland. Mr. Magnusson lives in Edinburgh, and he might well be a character in an Eric Linklater book, for he has more friends in the Scottish capital than he has in Reykjavik, which is saying a great deal. He never missed an International at Murrayfield, except on one occasion when the boat from Iceland to Leith was delayed by one of the worst storms the North Sea has ever known. Therein lies a story: when the storm was at its height, with even the hardiest passengers groaning below decks, Mr. Magnusson and Mr. Seton Gordon, the well-known Scots naturalist, were seen enjoying a substantial meal of Danish hors d'œuvres. Afterwards Mr. Seton Gordon paced the deck far into the small hours, cheering on the discomfited passengers by such spirited airs as "Over the Seas to Skye" and "The Campbells are Coming" on his bagpipes. According to Mr. Magnusson, the bagpipes pulled them all round, and by the time the ship got to Leith the deck was like the esplanade at Edinburgh Castle on the King's Birthday. So much for the power o' the pipes!

## Organisations and Activities

THE colourful and informal uniform of the Women's Voluntary Services is ubiquitous, and much valuable work is done by the ladies in dark green and red. Lady Reading is chairman, and extremely active. One of her engagements in the near future is a visit to Leyton on April 15th. She is to address the annual meeting of Leyton Centre, and it will be her first visit to the borough.

At Newton Valence, in Hampshire, there was a Red Cross Society tea party at Newton House, the home of Lady Muriel Derek Jones, Commandant of the detachment. Canadian wounded soldiers were entertained at the party, which raised nearly £3 for wool to knit comforts for the crew of one of His Majesty's ships which the detachment has adopted and which was launched by Lady Muriel some weeks ago.

In Portsmouth the British Legion is active, and Colonel Madden, chairman of the Sussex branch, spoke at a meeting of the Hampshire Women's Section. Countess Jellicoe, County President, was there, also the County Chairman, Miss M. G. Breton, M.B.E., and Lady Daley, the Lady Mayoress.



Harlip  
To Be Married



Catherine Bell

Miss Margaret Eleanor Baird, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Baird, of Hailes Brae, Colinton, Edinburgh, is engaged to Capt. Claud Panton Vivian, Royal Horse Artillery, son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. E. Vivian, M.C., and Mrs. Vivian, of Plas Gwyn, Penrath, Anglesey

Miss Hyacinthe Gregson-Ellis, elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Philip Gregson-Ellis, of Waverley Cottage, Camberley, is to marry Mr. John Hawkesworth, Grenadier Guards, only son of Major-General and Mrs. J. L. I. Hawkesworth, of Little Cote, Camberley, on April 10th

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

good deal more favoured than he seems to have realised in obtaining as many audiences as he did. Thiri-thu-dhamma shows himself as an amiable character, dignified potentate and excellent father. Manrique survived his Oriental adventures, to enjoy years of august prosperity in Rome. It was in England—which does seem ironical—that he was fated to come to a violent end. Be it said, for our national credit, that it was his Portuguese servant who murdered him.

## Woman of Ice

QUIET, collected, comely, apparently very docile, the heroine of *The Bride Comes To Evensford* (Cape; 3s. 6d.) first arrives by train, one afternoon, at a small provincial town to take up the post of assistant at the draper's shop. In Evensford, this young, still unknown girl from London is to find (or, rather, to seize for herself) marriage, position, power, wealth—everything, by the end, but required love. Mr. H. E. Bates's handling of this long, short story, or short novel, could not (like the behaviour of its heroine) be more quietly powerful, or more sinister. Here his power of creating an atmosphere, and of building up character by suggestions, come into ideal play. Miss Cassell's whole nature, and all there is to come out of it, is, somehow, epitomised by that view we have of her, her first evening, holding the white cat in her arms and looking around her, after closing hours, at the sombre, old-fashioned provincial shop.

The shop is owned by the Cartwrights, mother and son. Miss Cassell succeeds in winning the feeble young man away from his dominant mother, and, without ever loving him, marries him. As "young Mrs. Cartwright," she is already well on her way to power—and, materially at least, she never looks back. Her husband's death leaves her with the shop in her hands. She has the Midas touch: all the modern business methods she introduces succeed. Soon, she is in process of ruling and buying up—and is heartily dreaded by—Evensford itself. Somebody poisons her white cat—the only living creature towards whom, till far on in life, she shows any heart. But her real punishment is to come when she falls in love with a young man who has no use for her. Standing in the slush outside Evensford railway station, she is doomed to watch this young man bring home his chosen bride. The irony of the story could not be more relentless. As a perfect piece of construction, a moral tale and a Dutch-manner painting of an English small-town scene, do not miss *The Bride Comes to Evensford*.

## Key to the Ballet

"THE BALLET-LOVER'S POCKET-BOOK," by Kay Ambrose (Adam and Charles Black; 5s.), has a title that speaks for itself. This compact, pretty, well-produced little volume contains knowledge that should be of the greatest help—this seems to me to be an excellent key to a truer appreciation of the ballet. Miss Ambrose disposes, early on, of the fear that by knowing more of the technical side of this art one may lose the superb illusion that it creates. In fact, the contrary is the case: the more one knows what to look for, the more one will perceive; the more one understands, the more one will enjoy.

To regard any ballet one goes to as a phenomenon, a sort of inspired accident, would be to lose half its point. I cannot imagine, actually, that anyone could be foolish enough to make this mistake. But only the confirmed balletomane may realise the thoroughness of the discipline, the complexity of the pattern that appears to unweave itself so spontaneously. Here, art conceals art. Only by mathematical precision is there achieved the effect of fluid, visual poetry.

Miss Ambrose—whose work you will remember in *Ballet—To Poland* and *Balletomane's Sketch-Book*—here assembles all sorts of information in very comprehensible form, illustrating her notes by sketches that could not be clearer or more living. She has observations to make on the spectator's rôle in ballet—much more than a passive one. Her section on contemporary ballet will be found very much to the point. She follows up with notes on "the five positions"; then, under their technical, classic names, enumerates the different steps. In fact, *The Ballet-Lover's Pocket-Book* is, among other things, a dictionary of terms. In one section, Miss Ambrose defines the ideal ballerina; in another, the ideal danseur—in this, we have a distinction between the "danseur noble" and the "soliste." Character and "demi-caractère" dancing are discussed. The book is completed by notes on make-up, costume and lighting. . . . The format of *The Ballet-Lover's Pocket-Book* makes it an easy book to take to the theatre, and its low price places it within reach of all.

## What's Gone Wrong with the Car?

"DEAD STOP," by Miles Burton (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), tells of the fate of Wilfred Louth, whose invention proved annoying to local motorists, but promised to be of service to his country at war. The suspicions of Captain Desmond Merriion, R.N., are aroused by the nature of the scientist's death, and by the time at which it occurred. Fifth Columnists might well be on the map—for the Admiralty had shown interest in Louth's experiment. The mysterious burning of a neighbouring haystack, and the either heartless or incalculable behaviour of various characters, give Captain Merriion and his ally, Inspector Arnold, something to work upon. I must say that I found this excellent couple a trifle slow in their mental processes—even I arrived at some points ahead of them. But I enjoyed *Dead Stop*, and have no doubt that you will, too. The rural wartime scene has been well described, and the Home Guard and other worthies amusingly drawn.

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Something different for warm weather wear is the printed dress on the left from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It is cleverly cut with a basque effect, reinforced with a pretty vest. Attention must be drawn to washing frocks, for which this firm has a particularly enviable reputation. Standing out with prominence in the collection is a youthful affair carried out in eyelet embroidered cotton showing a scroll design. It has useful pockets and a white trubenised pique collar. A feature is likewise made of tailored washing frocks which have the appearance of a fine flannel. They are in pastel colourings, with Peter Pan collars and unpresseed pleats which increase the charm of the skirt. Spring and summer fashions have arrived in the model gown department, where it is plainly demonstrated that quality saves coupons, and simplicity needs perfection of cut

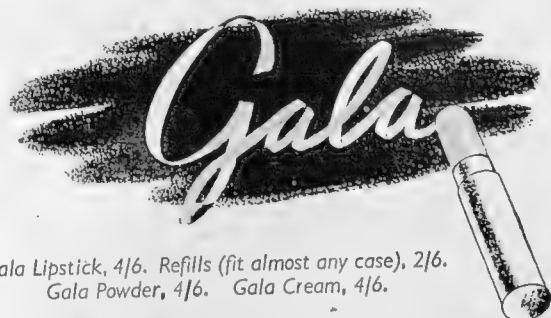


A few months ago women dreaded the thought of having to wear Utility clothes, but this has now changed since studying them in the well-known fashion houses, where the cut and materials are excellent. Liberty's, Regent Street, are responsible for the Utility model on the right, which consists of a tweed coat and skirt, the blouse being a separate affair. There are many variations of this style, all of which conform to the regulations of the Board of Trade. Minor details, such as a scarf, buttonhole or some old world ornament, have received the greatest attention. They are not in the least obtrusive, but just sufficient to banish monotony. There are also Utility coats made of woollen fabrics which, in the distance, have the appearance of camel-hair and wear remarkably well: some of them are belted. Lingerie has likewise its role to play. Nobody must consider completing their summer wardrobe until they have seen the fashions at Liberty's



## CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.  
Gala Powder, 4/6. Gala Cream, 4/6.

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our Millinery Department.*

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PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

IN the club a group of men were sitting, one of them an actor who had recently scored a great success. He had knocked around the stage for years and years, without getting anywhere, when the big break finally arrived. And, as a result, his head had grown to abnormal proportions.

"I'm terrific," he assured them seriously. "The entire nation is conscious of me now. Why, a tobacco concern had me down this afternoon and named a cigar after me."

"Wonderful!" yawned one of the group. "And for their sake, I certainly hope it will draw better than you did for some years!"

"PETERBOROUGH," in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following:—

Soldiers who have felt a little aggrieved at the freedom with which American troops are able to spend money will enjoy the story I have just heard from India.

An American, having hired a tonga for a distance the ordinary fare for which would be half a rupee, magnanimously handed the driver a 50-rupee note.

The man shook his head violently and demanded 60.

"No," said the American, "that's enough. I shan't pay any more."

The Indian thereupon accepted the money and walked away, leaving the tonga and pony with the purchaser.

AT the conclusion of a poaching case the gamekeeper said he was sure of gaining a conviction as the accused had been found in possession of a pheasant. It was in the bag.



John Vickers

### Two Who Came To Dinner

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" was produced by Firth Shephard in November, 1941, at the Savoy Theatre. It has proved one of the most successful comedies America has sent us for some years and threatens to out-run its Broadway record of two years. As "The Man," Robert Morley gives one of his most outstanding stage performances. With him, above, is Coral Browne as Maggie Cutler, his most efficient secretary who accompanies him everywhere—even to dinner

At the breakfast table he was relating to his wife an incident that had occurred at the club the previous night. The chairman had offered his bowler hat to the member who could stand up and truthfully say that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his wife.

"And would you believe it, Mary, no one stood up!"

"George," said Mary, "why didn't you stand up?"

"Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I look so awful in a bowler hat."

TWO men, neither of championship class, and whose knowledge of the rules of golf was no more accurate than their technical knowledge of the various shots were standing on the first tee on the Mudtown course. The first fairway was bordered on the right by a row of oak trees.

One of the men teed his ball and, taking a vicious swing, sliced to such an extent that the ball struck one of the trees fairly, and came bounding back across the tee, so that the player in question, without moving from his stance, caught the ball in his hand as it was bounding past.

With a bewildered look on his face, he turned to his opponent and asked: "What shall I do now?"

His opponent, without studied effort or inclination to make a joke, replied: "Tee it up, hit it again, and then put your hands in your pockets."

THE C.O. of a more-than-ordinarily-exclusive cavalry regiment asked the newcomer what, in his opinion, was the function of cavalry in modern war.

"Well, sir," said the youngster modestly but firmly, "I always understood that it was to lend tone to what might otherwise develop into a vulgar brawl."

SAID the first sweet young thing: "The man I marry must be easily pleased."

Said the second ditto: "Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."

Each day brings us nearer victory—Do not delay the hour by waste—The need for paper economy increases daily—Do your bit and save for salvage.



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Coty's Empire is world-wide. For thirty-three years Coty Creations have won the hearts of lovely women throughout the world with a Beauty Service that is unique.

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Coty

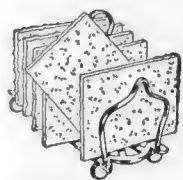
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- 3 The Vitamin B complex, comprising Vitamin B1, whose lack may cause neuritis and gastric disorders; Vitamin B2, which helps to burn up the 'fuel' foods and turn them into energy.
- 4 Iron to combat fatigue and anaemia.

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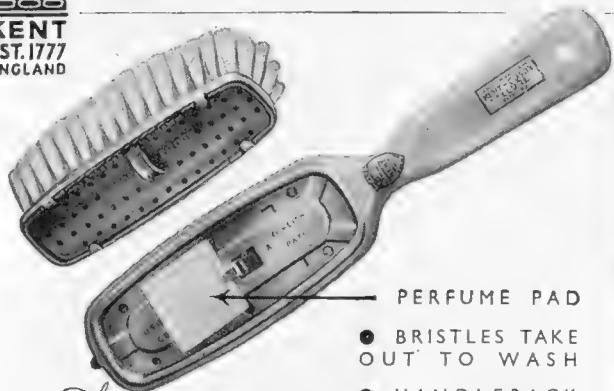
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# "Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH  
*Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!*

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# Harrods



## Peplums and Peg-tops

Chief interest of this heavy crêpe dress is the swathed peplum slimming the hip-line below a trim button-through bodice. In navy, mustard, black, red, and pastel blue. Hips 35-40.  
(7 coupons) **£10.19.9**

A dress in fine wool with subtle peg-top front. Bodice buttons with contrasting "mask" buttons. In black/ice buttons, turquoise/tan, navy/red, tan/pastels. Hips 35-39.  
(11 coupons) **£10.1.5**

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Go and Stop

IT is good to see the Royal Aero Club concerning itself with private and sporting flying prospects after the war. There is a strong case for keeping both thought and action concentrated upon the war effort and for avoiding too much speculation about the peace. But moments do come now and then when a certain preliminary and theoretical mapping out is permissible. Two opposed views seem to be held about the future of private and sporting flying; one is that there won't be any and the other is that the sky will be packed with light aeroplanes of every sort and shape.

In 1920 and thereabouts there were repeated predictions that people would take to the air much as they took to their motor cars, in hordes. But the predictions were never fulfilled. There were enthusiastic private owners—to whom by the way a great deal is owed—but they did not multiply. One reason often held out is that the light aeroplane is a better goer than it is a stopper. It can move quickly from A to B; but it cannot stop quickly at either A or B. In short it wanted aerodrome space and aerodrome space was scarce. It was not often to be found close to the kind of places private owners wanted to visit. Things were getting better when war broke out. Many of the French pleasure resorts were establishing their own airports. But it does still remain true that the light aeroplane of conventional pattern is somewhat bound to the available airports.

## Helicopters

THE result is that, when Captain Balfour mentioned in the House of Commons the other day that helicopters were on order for "marine protection duties" the thought occurred that the moving-wing machine may one day find a place in private flying. Before the war there were, I think, two private owners of autogiros. One of them did quite a lot of flying with his machine and enjoyed it. But the autogiro of that time did pay for its excellent slow landing qualities by

poor performance in other respects. Its range was small and its speed not very high.

The Cierva autogiro is certainly one of the finest of all technical achievements. It led the way in moving-wing flight and kept this form of flight going when most other inventors had abandoned it. But it may be that other forms of moving-wing flight will now come into the picture. The Vought-Sikorsky helicopter has certainly been putting up some remarkable performances in the United States. It has been demonstrating its power to hover by some spectacular feats of staying put in space. It appears to be an advance on the Focke-Wulf helicopter that drew some attention just before the outbreak of war.

## Inverted Air Minister

NOW that I have had a fuller opportunity to look into Lord Londonderry's new book, *Wings of Destiny* (which I mentioned briefly before), I have come to the conclusion that it gives a fresh and important picture of the background of air politics which preceded the war. The comments include some excellent little pictures of the chief personalities and throw a new light on the bombing controversy in which Lord Londonderry received so many undeserved criticisms. But I particularly liked some of the lighter touches as well. For instance, that remarkable pilot and brilliantly successful flying instructor, Captain Baker of Heston, is sketched in a few lines in a manner that brings back many vivid recollections of him and of his methods. Lord Londonderry recounts how he found himself making no progress in learning to fly under Royal Air Force instructors and tells how he was advised that this was because Royal Air Force personnel would never take any risks with the life of an Air Minister put in their charge. He then went over to Captain Baker.



Wing Officer K. G. Struan Marshall

The wife of Group Captain G. S. Struan Marshall, O.B.E., was an original member of the W.R.A.F., twenty-five years ago, and transferred to the W.A.A.F. on its formation. She was W.A.A.F. staff officer to a fighter group during the Battle of Britain, and is now officer in charge of one of the largest W.A.A.F. depots for recruits in England.

"At Heston," writes Lord Londonderry, "there was none of the Service deference to a Secretary of State. On the other hand I was looked on as a rather backward pupil. Captain Baker had his own methods and a peculiar directness of speech. He would deliberately distract your attention while in the air and immediately turn the machine upside down. Then he would call down the telephone: 'Well, what the h— are you going to do about it?' It was a nerve-racking process, but in the end, you learned to fly."

To call Baker's language "peculiar directness of speech" is a masterpiece of understatement. And I like the eloquent reticence of that "h—". Undoubtedly Baker was a genius at instruction and his psychology in dealing with pupils was exactly right. He was a great loss to the world of pilot training.

## Air Doctrine

I WISH it were possible to pictorialise the work that has been done in the Middle East on air-land integration as the actual fighting has been pictorialised in film and still photograph. For in the field of thinking and the evolution of military theory, the feats done there are as noteworthy. It is in achieving this air-land integration that two men have done great service for the country, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. The Army came to its battles in the Middle East with some suspicion of the Royal Air Force. It feared that the Air Force did not recognise its needs or was not sufficiently impressed with them. Only when Air Force intervention reached the peak of excellence of the El Alamein period did the Army fully respond by putting absolute faith and trust in its sister Service.



## GENERAL POST

Dear Hawkins,

It's a queer world. You tell me in your last letter that there is a vast camp of Americans on what used to be the golf course, while here am I, shanghaied for special duty to the Lone Star of Texas. I have to admit I'm enjoying life immensely, though I can't get used to the Texas Longhorns after our own Red Devons.

The hospitality here is alarming. If I accepted half the invitations I should have to get my Rose's Lime Juice by the gross. Rose's is one of the few good things I just can't get in this neck of the woods. I suppose you can still get it at Home, so whenever you are able to offer some return hospitality at the Hall I hope you will see that Rose's is well to the fore. We can't have the memory of hangovers clouding relations between our two countries.

I'm itching to get back to England, but we are doing a great job here, training air crews to give the Masterfolk a master kick in the seat of their over-developed Lebensraum.

Yours sincerely,

C. de V. St. J.

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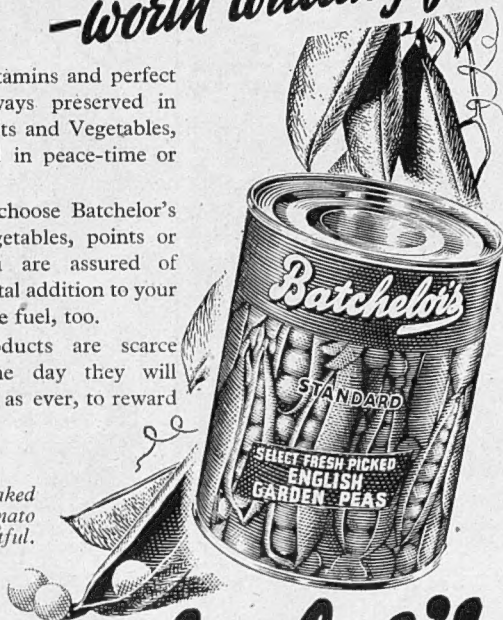
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*The Government asks YOU to grow more food*

*Thank goodness we always bought*

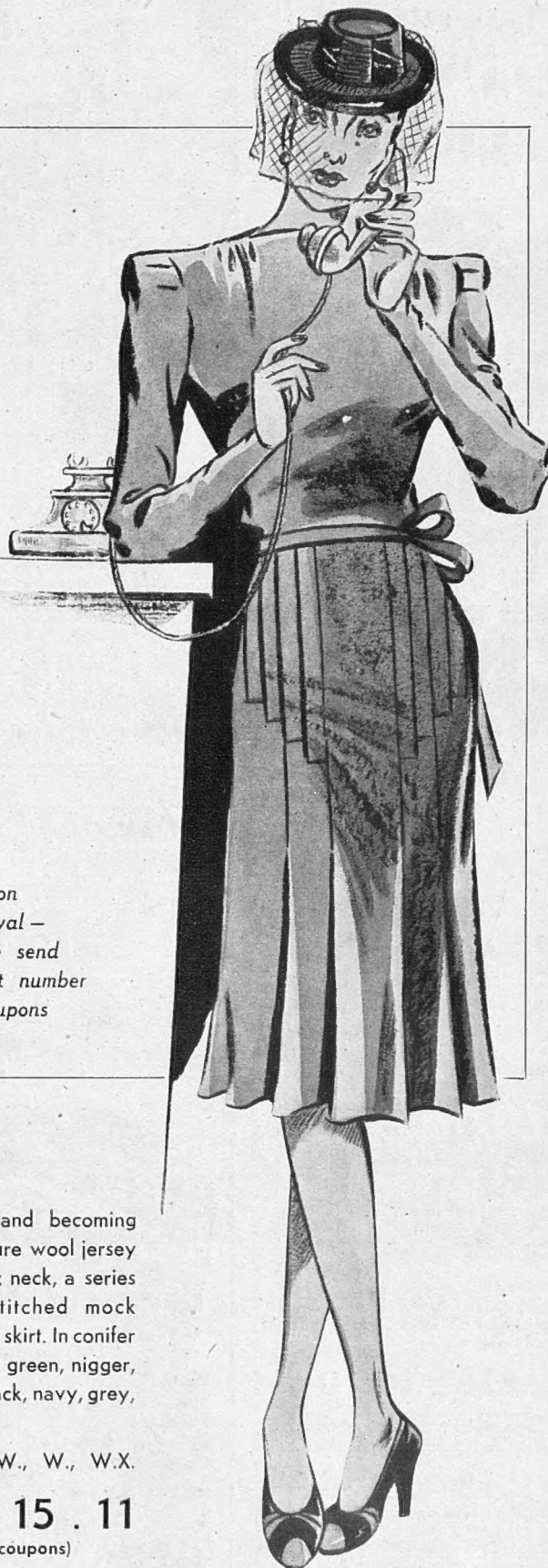
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In grey/amber or navy/grey.

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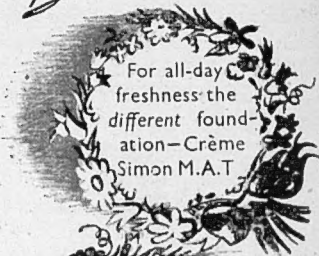
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